AT THE GUARD-HOUSE A Barrack Room Love

American Press Association

Story ...

By P. Y. BLACK

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[CONTINUED.]

"Where's Katy?" Herman demand. are you off to, Holmes?" ed as he unceremoniously ran into Mother Malone's house.

"Don't be askin' me," cried Mrs. Main' wid Katy at this time iv night? It'll be taps in a minute."

"Cause I was down at the guardhouse to see Faval tonight, and he's worrying awful. He's to be taken to the bluff he met the girl. She was very Leavenworth in a day or two. So I pale, but in her there was no sign of thought I'd just ask Katy-he was fear. Her eyes glittered with determistuck on Katy just like me-to go and nation. He tried to take her hand, but cheer him up a bit. I'm not jealous."

"Ye wee divil;" howled Mother Malone, welcoming a chance to discharge | ready?" her wrath upon somebody. "An' it's mischlef makin' ye're after, is it? Git all I can," he answered, a little sullenout iv this! Git out now afore I do ye ly. "At midnight I shall engage No. I's harm!"

"What's cating you? I want some ap-

The angry woman charged upon him. Herman grabbed an apple, upset the He flashed up at that with suspicious barrel and fled, screeching.

"Did ye ever hear the like," Mrs. Malone muttered-"Katy to go an' see Faval? Was iver the like?"

She did not know. The guardhouse lay at the back of the post on the bluff overlooking the meadow. The inner room was very full as a result of pay day. The sloping wooden platform on which the prisoners, wrapped in their blankets, slept of the long sentence men, however, for could not note her frown. greater comfort had made hammocks of their blankets and slung them by too, and-and let me say goodby!" cords from hooks in the walls. The barred windows were few, and by one

of these, in a corner, Faval had slung his hammock beneath another man, who swung near the roof. Thus the window, open for the heat, was almost shut off from sight of the rest of the occupants and the wicket which separated the guard from the prisoners. An floor, howling lugubriously and beating on the boards with extended fists. In h Grunken muddle headedness he had an idea that the white men were about to hang him, and his howls sank to a long, horrible, wailing death song.

Amid the noise and the heat and the stench of the overcrowded room Faval was wide awake. For half an hour after taps so he remained, until the lamp at the door was removed. Soon as the post, recovered from its period- looked after him with a smile and a ed only on the girl, and even as he did ical outburst of pay day rlot, resumed sigh. its regular nightly air of repose, the lonely scritties began their monotonous | the yawning scritties' calls. The men | for her, came back, sweeping in on him calls. Faval's window opened on the



"Easily!" he muttered and then huddled in his hammock.

back of the guardhouse, and he could not see the sentry on No. 1, but very distinctly there came to his ears the methodical beat of the soldier's shoes on the porch and at last his first proc-

"Ten o'clock," Faval murmured. "Two hours yet. It is a year!"

peated "All's well!" the young musiclan stealthly reached from his hammock and grasped one of the window bars. It shook beneath the pressure of his slender fingers. "Easily!" he muttered and then huddled in his hamand quickly shout to the sergeant in-

"Officer of the day, turn out the

Had they suspected? Had they dis-

covered?

"Never mind the guard!" The trembling lad heard the officer make his report. Faval sweated with fear. What was it? Were they talking about him? Would the sergeant, would Holmes, betray him and have him put in irons? It was likely. He had done as Katy had told him to do, but he could not understand when she had said that Holmes was his friend. The officer went away, and, trembling, Faval crept from his hammock and slipped on shoes and clothes and stayed at

the bars, peering out anxiously. "He won't be back until early morn-

is getting old and likes his snooze even when he's officer of the day. Where

The sergeant in charge replied gruff-

ly, as was his wont. "There were so many prisoners comlone querulously. "What are ye want. ing in I had no time to get my blankets. Take the keys till I come back." He went out, but he did not go to the barracks for his blankets. It was dark and moonless now, and at the foot of

she withdrew it and whispered: "Not yet-not until it is done. Is he "He ought to be ready. I have done

attention." She gave a little laugh of triumph.

"I must see him," she said. "I must say goodby. I know the window," anger.

"What do you want to see him for?" he whispered sullenly. "You told me to save him, and I have, but-but you are mine now. I don't want you to see

She laughed and put her hand in his. "I know, Holmes," she said, "you are true and-and I love you better than I ever did, but"-

He interrupted her by passionately was lined with recumbent figures. Some kissing her hand, and, stooping, he

"But that poor boy! He loved me, He let her go, and she slipped up the bluff and so to the barred window. At once Faval's hand caught hers.

"The bar?" she whispered. "It is loose. The horses are at the cottonwood clump on the river. Noel, Noel, be careful!"

the camp, a wild and savage sight. He ately, and, though her eyes sparkled, fleetest in the troop, drew up upon lay outstretched on his back on the and then went on: "And so he is gone | within 200 yards of them when he lev- | in the reign of William and Mary. Inforever. Thank you, sergeant. I-I do eled his revolver and fired. They were like you now."

kissed her.

with love, "and may he forget me if I erect in her saddle, her bosom heaving, do not make you happy all your life?" her eyes defying him. The musician went back to his duty, and the girl rowful eyes, despairing. Holmes look-

peered inside and made out that Faval's hammock was empty. One bar this?" hung loose from its fastening at the

"He is gone!" he thought. "Out of the way-out of the way-out of the way, and she is promised to me!"

The relief went out at 1 o'clock, and soon the tired sentries relieved came land wood. tramping in with the corporal. Holmes was lying on his bunk in the office, but not asleep. Sleep was for from his glad eyes. He heard the sentries gossip as they prepared to lie down.

"Any of the officers giving a party

tonight?" "Don't know. Why?"

"'Cause a man and a woman galloped past on the river trail. I could just see them from No. 6. They were going B-Bar ranch way, and I thought lamation to his brother sentries of the they'd maybe been visiting in officers' row.'

Holmes raised his head-a man? That was all right. A woman? Who As the distant calls came faintly, could they be? He sat up on the edge from the faraway posts and No. 1 re- of his cot. A terrible thought filled his mind. It could not be. Yet, yetdared she play that trick? For a minute he sat still, and then without a word of excuse he left the guardhouse. He went straight to Mother Malone's. The angry woman was still sitting mock as he heard the sentry challenge there, awaiting her husband and daughter.

"Where is Katy?" the sergeant asked, and his face was so white that the scars stood out upon his brow and cheeks in scarlet.

"Where, indeed?" cried Mrs. Malone. The baggage! She's not been in tonight! She'll leave my house! Holmes, step on the porch and the sergeant Holmes! What is it? What has she done now?"

With a loud curse the sergeant turned on his heel and rushed off. He made for the stables of his troop and roused the stable sergeant by furious blows night grew very dark. For awhile they

"My horse, by order of the officer of the day!" he hoarsely yelled. "A prisoner has escaped!"

If he had been capable of thought, capable of planning a sure revenge, he would first have roused the guard and sent half a troop after the fugitives. ing," the corporal of the guard re- Perhaps indeed he did think, but felt marked, with a yawn. "Daddy Dodds that this was a matter which con-

cerned him alone. Therefore he went bed, and the guard remained on watch, wondering where their sergeant had gone, but all unaware of the prisoner's

The river road? He spurred his horse down the trail furiously until the post was far behind him. On his right the river flowed; on his left the land rose in rippling bluff's, a gray black mass in the starlight. In front of him he knew the long and lonely trail stretched drearily without house, without town, for a hundred miles and at last ended at the railway. He was able, with an effort, to consider that the two would spare their horses, knowing how far they had to go and hardly expecting pursuit before guard mount in the morning, when the officer of the day would make his report. They had more than an hour's start, but if he pressed hard after them he should catch up soon. That settled, he urged his horse to the utmost and gave himself up to the mad rage of jealousy and disappointment. He had known her from a child to be willful and passionate and mischievous, but he had never in his adoration believed her capable of such deceit. He did not stop to think that love had forced him to break his oath, to neglect his duty, to assist a prisoner under his charge to escape, to forfelt, if the truth became known, the trust of his officers and the name he had won in years of hard campaigning; he did not stop to think of what love might have forced her also to do. His mood was entirely selfish. He was wounded sorely, and he wished for nothing but revenge.

The dust scattered in clouds about him. The horse, in that hot night, soon was streaming sweat. He never slackened pace. Now and again there was a creek to cross, and through them. he dashed, heedless of mudhole or rock or stump. Once a belated Indian freighter met him and grunted an astonished "How?" Holmes hardly saw become familiar to observers, they will him nor answered his greeting. In an know just what to expect on each sucinstant he was out of sight and hearing. So he rode, blind to all he passed, his eyes glaring ahead, his teeth grating, seeking revenge for the slight and the scorn and the lie.

turning slowly from gray to violet when he saw them and drew the revolver he carried as being on guare duty. He hailed them, and through "My darling, I shall be there - or the misty dimness of the dawn they point of their swords they would not saw him and spurred ahead with a cry She was back with Holmes immedia of fear and surprise. His horse, the "Poor fellow!" she said and paused on to the utmost. The sergeant was | Charles II., only to be again inflicted Holmes took her in his arms and shot resulted in bringing them to a standstill. He rode slowly up and "God bless you, Katy," he said, filled reined in, facing them. The girl sat He left her, dazed at that caress, and looked at him with his big, brown, sorso that which had caused all his mis-The night passed on, punctuated by ery in the last few years, his great love marveled at their sergeant's unaccus- as a flood, washing away his wrath tomed cheerfulness. He chatted with and disappointment and longing for them and laughed. They remembered revenge. It was Katy Malone who afterward that for once they had heard faced him, his pet in her schooldays, guardhouse. At Faval's window he horse's neck, and he cared nothing for stopped. No noise came from within the other's presence, but held out his save that of the prisoners' snores. He arms in overwhelming despair, crying:

The girl paused a moment in surtop. The sergeant put it in place soft- prise, for she had surely expected an rent in the North or tills worn out soil outburst of colossal rage, but in a moment she regained her usual self possession. She took the musician's hand in hers, in the protecting way she had used when she had met him in the is-

"Because I love him," she said.

The sergeant's head drooped low over his horse, and his tall frame shook. When he looked up his face was as When he looked up his face was as gray as the morning sky. All light was gone from his eyes, even as the stars were disappearing in the heavens. He was calm now.

"You could not trust me to make you happy," he said slowly. "I begin to understand. I want to know one thing. Did you care for me at all before-hecame?"

She shook her head. "Never," she said.

He sat again erect and looked up at the sky. In one instant his life stood revealed-lonely, lonely, lonely! Through all the years from the first early questionings of himself, of who his mother was and who his father, through all the years of ill used, soul souring childhood, through all the years of unfriended, starving youth, through all the years of manhood, solitary and avoided by his comrades, he saw him- 9:55 a. m. self, babe, child, boy, man, unfriended and alone-lonely, lonely, lonely, friendless and unloved!

He looked at the young lovers hand in hand. What good would it do to arrest him? She would only hate him the more. What good would it do to force her back? Besides, the escape must be known soon, and he, in turn, would be a prisoner. The sky was changing into blue, the sun was almost on the horizon, but round his soul the watched him, wondering, and at last he looked at them. His eyes were full

"Ride on," he said. They did not move, hardly believing. until he waved his hands impatiently. "Go," he said, "and-and God make

you both happy!" Without a parting word they wheel-

He watched them disappear, and a swiftly at a gailop in pursuit, and the moment after the crack of a pistol sleepy stable sergeant went back to rang out across the plain, and the sergeant's riderless horse, frightened, galloped back to the post.

Book Titles Gone Astray. The following titles appeared in a

London bookseller's catalogue: TITLES GIVEN.

"Shakespeare's Judith." Ed. by Black.
"The Curtain Will Not Rise Tonight," 'His Equals and Other Poems."

"Paradise f Burglars."
"Four Wings and an Arm." "The Newcomers. "Harry Snoodle's Masterpiece."

Darwin's "Indecent Man." Moses Hart's "Twelve Masses," Homer's ""he Ills He Had."

"How I Roasted Moses." WHAT THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN "Judith Shakespeare," by W. Black. Thorpe's "Curfew Must Not Ring To-

'Exekiel and Other Poems." "Burglars a Paradise." "Four Wir is Farm." Thackeray / "Newcomes." Aristotle's Masterpiece. Jane Eyre. Darwin's "Descent of Man." Mozart's "Twelfth Mass." Homer's "Hiad."

"How I Reached the Masses."

Pleasure In the Heavens.

There is a satisfaction in learning the names and positions of the stars that does not belong to the study of the planets. The stars apparently never ets are always moving, and to those who do not watch the heavens with particular attention it is a cause of surprise very often to find a "new star" adorning a certain section of the heav- DO YOU GET UP If, however, this newcomer be carefully observed from night to night. it will be found to change its distance from the fixed stars, and the observer will discover that It is a planet and at liberty to wander about from place to place under the sole condition that it papers is sure to know of the wonderful obeys certain rules of motion. When the bright stars that grace the heavens ceeding season.

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A Hint For the Flatterer. "She rejected him, then?"

"Yes."

"He used to praise her beauty in glowing terms. I should think that would have made her fall in love with

"It made her fall in love with herself, and she hasn't had room for a thought about anybody else."

Grown Cautious.

"What kind of weather do you think we are going to have tomorrow?" "The indications," said the professional prophet, "point to more rain, but I have no personal opinion on the subject whatever."-Washington Star.

Success. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame.-Longfellow.

He who devours the substance of the poor will meet in the end with a bone to choke him.-Schoolmaster.

Was Wasting Away.

The following letter from Robert R. Watts, of Salem, Mo., is instructive: "I have been troubled with kidney disease for the last five years. I lost flesh and never felt well and doctored with leading physicians and tried all remedies suggest ed without relief. Finally I tried Foley's change so far as their position relative Kidney Cure and less than two bottles to each other is concerned. The plan- completely cured me and I am now sound and well." E. B. Longwell.

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